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AMERICAN TYPES

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LOVE KNOTS

AMERICAN TYPES

With Sixteen Engravings in Colour and Forty-seven in Black-and-White

BY

CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

WITH POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
NEW YORK ⁘ ⁘ ⁘ PUBLISHERS

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G. F.
NOV

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FOREWORD

UNDERWOOD AMERICAN TYPES — almost a redundant expression, for everyone who knows Mr. Clarence F. Underwood's pictures recognizes their wholesome Americanism. Every nation has its own ideal of womanly beauty; surely ours is delightfully expressed in these clear-eyed out-of-door girls, unspoiled by the artificial restraints of ceremonious Europe, comrades who can hold steady the wheel of a motor boat or motor car. And the men, too, are of the type we admire — not the courtier nor the polished man of fashion, but the athletic, clean young college or business man, the humorous, astute but tender-hearted father — men who undertake responsibilities and carry them well.

Mr. Underwood has now known his public for many years. As artist and illustrator he has studied the types we like to see and has learned to present them to the great satisfaction of his many admirers. His ripe ability is represented in this book. Merely as pictures these deserve the permanence and availability of book form.

But Mr. Underwood has as well the dramatic instinct, the ability to flash before our minds an entire story by means of a single canvas. Choosing the humorous or touching

moment in the relations of two people, he so pictures it that everyone can understand. Thus his work will bear almost any message of affection, friendship, or remembrance. His book is a mine of human feeling as well as a collection of pleasing pictures.

It is the current writer's function to show the life around him, and to perpetuate for future generations not only the people of our time, but the tendencies and tastes which interest us. The illustrator has his important part in this record. Mr. Underwood's pictures have been in demand as illustrations for the works of the most popular authors of the present day. Therefore these pictures, like those in his former successful volume "Girls of To-Day," have a distinct value beyond their immediate pictorial and dramatic interest. They will always stand as a significant indication of the temper and taste of the present era.

Mr. Underwood's studio is that of an absorbed artist. Littered with a confusion of rare furniture, brushes, old pottery and copper, rich curtains, and variegated palettes, it has the air of carelessness concerning everything except the picture itself. To this the artist devotes the whole of his vigorous attention. He works rapidly, with unbounded nervous energy and patience, never sparing infinite pains until he is satisfied. His work reflects at once this vigor and this care.

The accompanying photograph of Mr. Underwood at work shows a characteristic expression. He is entirely absorbed in the task of giving just the right touch — so much and no more — to the canvas before him. For such conscientious work those who look over this book will be grateful to him.

Very sincerely yours.

Clarence F. Underwood

WITH LOVE FOR AEROPLANE

DEARHEART, fear not to soar the blue,
Or roar through ringing rain.
My motor is the thought of you,
And love my aeroplane.

My love and I together dare
To play at tag with death.
Among the singing stars we wing,
Upon the cyclone's breath.
We cheer the lightning's sudden flare,
The charge of bitter rain.
We risk the gale and dashing hail,
For love's our aeroplane.

Beside me flees along the breeze
The shimmer of her hair.
Her eyes, her gallant eyes, will guide,
And ever bid me dare.
High over angry seas I sing,
And safe return again.
If she is near, I laugh at fear,
For love's my aeroplane.

Come soar through heaven's highest blue,
Or roar through ringing rain.
My motor is the thought of you,
And love my aeroplane.

Tom Graham

ALL FOR LOVE

TALK not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled:
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary —
What care I for wreaths that can only give glory?

Oh fame! — if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Lord Byron

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THE SENDER OF THE ORCHIDS

TO THE NOBLES OF PROVENÇE

From a Red Motor Car

ELFIN the bugle that murmurs afar
Splendor and pride of your olden romance.
Troubadours sang of you, nobles of France;
Would they could sing of a red motor car!

Yes, you were purple and crimson with pride,
Surely your armour was glad in the sun;
But — could you equal a hundred mile run?
"Heroes and kings" — why, the girl at my side
Drives forty miles to the four you could ride!

Sheen of the noontide and glimmer of star
Rise over us as they rose over you.
Never a lute was so thrilling and true
As the gay hum of a red motor car!

Never a lady of golden Navarre,
Grande dame or peasant or sweet Nicolette,
Riding beside you, with ambling curvette,
Laughed like the queen of the red motor car.

Steel is the trumpet that thunders afar,
Splendor and love of our newer romance;
Sing not the silk-fettered ladies of France,
But the sweet pal in the red motor car!

Tom Graham

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LOVE AND SIX CYLINDERS

STANLEY T. UNDERWOOD

MY LOST LOVE

'TWAS morn beside the summer sea;
My love and I, how blithe were we!
The salt sea-wind sang bold and free
Before the gates of day.
Our pulses throbbed with bliss divine
To see a rainbow span the brine
With tender tints as if in sign
Our joy would live for aye.
O first love, O fair love,
Beside the summer sea,
As coos the newly-mated dove
You sang your love to me!

'Tis night beside the summer sea;
Amid the night's pale mystery
My fair lost love comes back to me
As in the olden time.
Her smile is softer than the mist,
By silvery moonbeams shyly kist;
Her voice is clear and low and trist
And sweeter far than rhyme.
O first love, O last love,
Beside the summer sea,
As clasps the wave the star above,
So clings my heart to thee!

Samuel Minturn Peck

From "Rings and Love-Knots."

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WATERPROOF

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe

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LOST?

LARENCE

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

THE ladies of St. James's
Go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them,
With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's
Wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at *Ombre*,
With candles all of wax:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She dons her russet gown,
And runs to gather May dew
Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's!
They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays for ever,
Their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her color comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily, —
It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's!
They have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you — for seconds,
They frown on you — for weeks:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,
Is always true — and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!
I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's,
And give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida — for Phyllida
Is all the world to me!

Austin Dobson

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TO LUCASTA, GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown; and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

Richard Lovelace

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THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT BLOWS

A SLUMBER SONG

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night:
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

William Blake

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THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

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HER PITY

THIS is the room to which she came that day,—
Came when the dusk was falling cold and gray,
Came with soft step, in delicate array,

And sat beside me in the firelight there;
And, like a rose of perfume rich and rare,
Thrill'd with her sweetness the environing air.

We heard the grind of traffic in the street,
The clamorous calls, the beat of passing feet,
The wail of bells that in the twilight meet.

Then I knelt down and dar'd to touch her hand, —
Those slender fingers, and the shining band
Of happy gold wherewith her wrist was spann'd.

Her radiant beauty made my heart rejoice;
And then she spoke, and her low pitying voice
Was like a soft, pathetic, tender noise

Of winds that come before a summer rain;
Once leap'd the blood in every clamorous vein;
Once leap'd my heart, then, dumb, stood still again.

Philip Bourke Marston

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THE ONLY TWO AT THE HOUSE PARTY

THE MAID OF THE VIOLET

FULL of graciousness, full of grace,
Bright and merry from top to toe,
Fairy figure and fairest face,
Deep, soft eyes like a startled doe,
Dusky tresses that wave and blow,
Chaining our hearts in their silken net —
Thus is thy likeness drawn, I trow,
Modest maid of the violet!

Grave Old Yale is an altered place;
Gray walls answer thy laughter low –
Eli's sons are a merrier race;
Under thy glances they gladsome grow,
Study and care to the winds they throw,
Sigh for the smile of a gay coquette —
Vogue la galère is *comme il faut*,
Modest maid of the violet!

. . . . . .

L'ENVOI

After the parting amid our woe
One consolation remaineth yet —
Thou wilt return in a year or so,
Modest maid of the violet!

Anonymous

From "Yale Verse, 1898-1909."

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THE ONLY TWO AT THE GAME

LOVE AND MUSIC

I LISTENED to the music broad and deep:
I heard the tenor in an ecstasy
Touch the sweet, distant goal; I heard the cry
Of prayer and passion; and I heard the sweep
Of mighty wings that in their waving keep
The music that the spheres make endlessly; —
Then my cheek shiver'd, tears made blind mine eye;
As flame to flame I felt the quick blood leap,
And, through the tides and moonlit winds of sound,
To me love's passionate voice grew audible.
Again I felt thy heart to my heart bound,
Then silence on the viols and voices fell;
But, like the still, small voice within a shell,
I heard Love thrilling through the void profound.

Philip Bourke Marston

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THE ONLY TWO AT THE OPERA

SONG

HOW many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fall'n year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,
Unravell'd from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star:
So many times do I love again.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

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THE ONLY TWO AT DINNER

THE KISS

THEIR lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;
A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love
And beauty, all concentrating, like rays
Into one focus kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart and soul and sense in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse ablaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake . . .

Lord Byron

From "Don Juan."

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THE LAST WALTZ TOGETHER

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO

I WILL not let thee go.
Ends all our month-long love in this?
Can it be summ'd up so,
Quit in a single kiss?
I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
If thy words' breath could scare thy deeds,
As the soft south can blow
And toss the feather'd seeds,
Then might I let thee go.

. . . . . .

I will not let thee go.
The stars that crowd the summer skies
Have watch'd us so below
With all their million eyes,
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Have we not chid the changeful moon,
Now rising late, and now
Because she set too soon,
And shall I let thee go?

. . . . . .

I will not let thee go.
I hold thee by too many bands:
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

Robert Bridges

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VIOLETS: FOR FAITHFULNESS

CARPE DIEM

TO–DAY, what is there in the air
That makes December seem sweet May?
There are no swallows anywhere,
Nor crocuses to crown your hair,
And hail you down my garden way.

Last night the full moon's frozen stare
Struck me, perhaps; or did you say
Really, — you'd come, sweet friend and fair!
To-day?

To-day is here: — come! crown to-day
With Spring's delight or Spring's despair,
Love cannot bide old Time's delay: —
Down my glad gardens light winds play,
And my whole life shall bloom and bear
To-day.

Théophile Marzials

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LOVE LAUGHS AT WINTER

CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

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